

CENTENNIAL DAYS.

Words by J. F. DOOLEY.

Music by CHAS. E. PRATT.

f

cres

cen

do.

There's a time not far a-way When we'll cel - e-brate the day, That
Then let us all re-joice, And raise a-loud our voice To the

gained the in - de-pen-dence of our land; . . The re - joic-ing will be great, Glorious
mem'ry of that pat - ri - ot - ic one, . . Who laboured manfully, To

in ev-'ry state, But in Phil-a-del-phia 'twill be ve-ry grand: . All the
set his country free I mean the great immortal Wash-ing-ton. . . He

na-tions there will meet, And with their goods compete, To
fought both night and day, 'Till he drove the foe a-way, And too

gain our ap-pro-ba-tion and our praise: But Co-lum-bia is no drone, And I
much cannot be said in his praise; Tho' he's gone for-ev-er-more, His

guess she'll hold her own, At the Ex-po-si-tion on Centennial Days. . .
spir-it will reign e'er, The Ex-po-si-tion on Centennial Days. . .

Chorus.

5

Then list while I re-late, This fact I'm going to state, That in -

mf

- dus - try like per-se-ve-rance pays; . . And you'll say that I am right, If you.

see the splendid sight, At the Ex-po-si-tion on Centennial Days. . .

f

D. S.